
REV. DR. HUMPHREY'S SERMON,

AT THE

FUNERAL OF MISS MARY LYON.

THE SHINING PATH.

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN SOUTH-HADLEY,

AT THE

FUNERAL OF MISS MARY LYON,

MARCH 8, 1849.

BY HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D.

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*With much love from Cousin Sarah -
Hampden. July 18. 1849.*

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Funeral Sermon.

PROVERBS 4: 18, & 10: 7.

THE path of the just, is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—The memory of the just is blessed.

I HAVE brought these two passages of Scripture together, because they harmonize so perfectly in delineation, and because neither of them, alone embraces the whole scope and design of this discourse. The first, beautifully sketches the onward and upward progress of the righteous, till the ineffable glory receives and hides them from our view; and the last, as it were, engraves the sketch upon tablets more durable than brass, that we may admire and study it, long after the original has been rapt from our mortal vision.

Human life is not a fixed, but a progressive state; not a point or station, from which we are to be caught up or thrust down, at the appointed moment, but a *path*, longer or shorter, upon which we enter, as soon as we come into the world, and which terminates at death. There is the broad way and the narrow way; the path of the righteous and the path of the wicked. The latter grows darker and darker, and the former brighter and brighter, all the way through. In the exquisite penciling of my text, “the path of the just, is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” Who can conceive of a more graphic and beautiful illustration than this, to represent the dawn of divine light in the soul; its gradual increase within, and its shining out more and more brightly, in the pious example of the eminently devoted servants of God. Look at the rejoicing “outgoings” of the morning. When the moment has come, that the darkness can no longer hold the dominion of the earth

and the skies, there is a faint glow in the east, which no pencil can imitate. It is the first harbinger of day. It increases, it deepens, as the glad and gladdening rays come flying upon their shining wings, over the mountains. The sun, from which they all emanate, advances. It rises, it shines more and more, till it floods the earth with its brightest glories.

Like this increasing light, is the path of the just, of the righteous, of the children of God and heirs of the promise. Till the true light shines in upon their souls, it is all dark as midnight; nor does the sun of righteousness all at once dispel the darkness. There is the twilight, sure presage, indeed, of the day, but not the "perfect day" itself. At first, "the day dawns, and the day-star rises in their hearts. The shadows gradually flee away. The light increases. It shines more and more till the soul is perfectly filled, perfectly entranced with its glory." The saving *change* is instantaneous. There is a moment when the light begins to shine. There must be, though the individual whom God is thus "bringing out of darkness into marvellous light," may not always perceive it. But the work of *sanctification* is a progressive work. Grace implanted in the heart, is like a grain of mustard seed. It is like a little leaven, hid in three measures of meal. The new-born soul is as truly an heir of the kingdom, as the most advanced and established believer; but how far below the perfect man; how far short of "the measure of the stature, of the fullness of Christ." The righteous, as they grow in grace, as they progress in the divine life, have clearer and clearer views of their own remaining depravity, and of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. As the rising light of the morning, more and more distinctly reveals the ugliness and hatefulness of objects, which in the first moments of the twilight were but very dimly seen, so it is here. Those who cry out most bitterly, "O wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us from the body of this death," are not the young converts; are not those who are just beginning to rejoice in the breaking of the morning; but those who, like Paul, have long been looking at "the plague of their own hearts," under the increasing illumination of God's holy spirit.

So the righteous, as they hold on their way, have clearer and brighter discoveries of the true character of God ; of his holiness, of his goodness, of his justice, of his mercy ; of the infinite perfection and loveliness of his whole character. As the work of sanctification progresses, they behold more and more of " his glory, as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ ; and as they are changed into the same image, from glory to glory." At first, though Christ was precious to them, they had but indistinct twilight views of the great plan of salvation which was laid in eternity, and which God has been, for thousands of years, gradually unfolding to the astonished universe. As the children of God prayerfully study the Scriptures, the light shines out more and more clearly from these sacred oracles ; they get new and brighter views of the glory of the cross ; the eye of faith is more and more illuminated ; the Saviour becomes more precious, the earth gradually loses its attractions and heaven becomes more alluring. The light in which the righteous walk till they hail the perfect day, is the light of God's countenance, it is a purifying, sanctifying, rejoicing light, which shines out from " the throne of God and the Lamb ;" and as they have borne the image of the earthy, so they reflect more and more the image of the heavenly.

This, briefly, I take to be the spiritual meaning and application of the text, in one of its brightest aspects. It teaches us how the righteous are led along, step by step, from the first dawn of divine light in their souls, till the illumination is perfect ; till the work of sanctification is complete.

But here, to guard against mistakes, two remarks must be thrown in.

The *first* is, that though the light in which the righteous walk, is essentially the same in all cases, it is not the same in *degree*. It shines brighter in the path of some Christians, than of others ; is not so often obscured, and its brightness increases faster. In other words, some Christians make greater and more rapid attainments in divine love, knowledge and experience, than others. The text points out to us how bright the path of all the righteous *should* be ; how every child of God *ought* to

grow in grace, and increase in holy conformity to his image ; and it may be taken as a description of the actual steady progress of some, in the strait and narrow way to heaven. Early in their course, they reach heights, that are above the clouds, which shut out the light from too many, who bear the Christian name ; and as they rise still higher, and press on, it shines more and more unto the perfect day.

The other remark is, that the righteous, whose hopes and prospects are brightest, and who make the greatest attainments in piety, are not wholly sanctified till they reach heaven. They are "saints," and compared with most, are *eminent saints* ; but till they get to heaven, they are not "*saints in light*." There is no perfect day on this side of the New Jerusalem, "which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof." It has been the language of the holiest of the righteous in every age, as it was of Paul, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect ; but I follow after." "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended ; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

This brings us to the other view of the text, which is, that the path of the just shines *outwardly* as well as *inwardly*, more and more unto the perfect day. Though the life of every believer is hid with Christ in God, true religion is not a treasure which can be locked up and concealed in the bosom of its possessor, like gold in the strong box of the miser. Wherever it glows in the heart, it will shine out in the countenance and the life ; and it will "shine more and more," as the inward illumination increases in brightness. It will shine in pious conversation ; it will shine in the fervency of social prayer, as if the "lips were touched with a live coal from off the altar ;"—it will shine in the family circle and in all the relations of kindred and friends. It will shine in the overflowings of benevolent action, in deeds of charity to the poor, and sympathy with the afflicted. It will shine in all the walks of private life, and it will adorn

the highest public stations. It will shine not only upon the Sabbath, but upon every day of the week ; not only in the pulpit, but in the school, in the college, and in all the places of private and public education. The path of the righteous ; of the eminently good and holy, no matter where it leads, within the whole wide circle of Christian enterprise and duty ; no matter what stations they occupy, humble or exalted, it will shine more and more unto the perfect day. The Christian can no more increase in the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent ; can no more make higher and higher attainments in the divine life, without shedding around himself those emanations from the Sun of righteousness, which warm his own heart, than the mirror can fail to reflect more and more distinctly the rays of the morning, falling upon it as the twilight recedes before the rising sun.

How well this agrees with that passage of our Saviour's sermon on the mount which is familiar to you all, the quotation will show. "Ye are, (addressing his disciples,) ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that others may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Obedience to this divine command, brings the righteous into the very state, which is so vividly sketched in the first and main branch of my text. It is making their path to shine out upon the world, more and more, as they draw nearer and nearer to the heavenly state ; and till its ineffable glories hide them from our view. But, blessed be God, that when they leave us, no more to enjoy their living presence, or to be quickened by their pious example, they leave behind them a thousand precious remembrances, as we know by experience and see in the last branch of my text.

The memory of the just is blessed. How distressing, how overwhelming it would be, if when we bury our loved and pious friends, one after another, the grave were to shut them forever, not only from our sight, but from our thoughts, from our remembrance ; so that from that moment, we should

forget that we ever knew them ; that they were ever dear to us, or that they ever had an existence. I say, how distressing it would be to have such a wave of oblivion roll over us, every time that a friend is taken away, and yet, why should it not ; why should any, the least remembrance of what our friends were, survive them ? How can it be ? We shall find it a great mystery, if we attempt to analyze the memory, and ascertain how it snatches passing events from oblivion ; how, after years have elapsed, it calls them back at pleasure. And the more we study to comprehend its power of retention, or reminiscence, or, by whatever name you choose to call it, the more profound will the mystery appear. As a *fact*, no intuition is plainer, or more certain. We *know* that we can recall the past, for we do, every day of our lives. We remember our friends perfectly, long after they are dead—how they looked, what they said, what they did, when and where they died. But when we have stated the fact ; when we have defined memory to be the faculty which retains or recalls past events, we can go no further. I know we speak in familiar language, about treasuring up thoughts and events in our minds, and of embalming departed friends in our memories, and for all practical purposes this is very well. But as thoughts and events pass rapidly through and before our minds and are crowded out by others in endless succession, what becomes of them ? Where do they go, and how can we ever bring them back ? The moment one thought is dismissed and another takes its place ; it vanishes, it goes out of existence ; for it was a mere momentary impression. When scenes and events return, years after they were forgotten, with all the vividness of present reality, what power is it that brings them back ? I confess, that remembrance seems to me more like a new revelation, or reproduction of what had ceased to exist, than any thing else ; and herein I see and admire the wisdom and benevolence of him, by whom we are so “fearfully and wonderfully made.” Though the days of our years are but three score years and ten, by living them over and over, as it were, in our remembrances, we virtually make them a hundred, or a thousand. We remember our deceased friends as long as

they live. In this sense, we live with them till we die ourselves, and if they were pious and useful ; if they served God and their generation well ; if we have good evidence that they died in the Lord, the remembrance is a source of happiness to us, with which we would not part for any price. Thus their memory is blessed. We think of their virtues. We treasure up their pious counsels. We try to follow their good example. We seem to see and to hear them, long after they have gone up to their high reward ; and we can never cease to magnify the grace of God that was in them. So the remembrance of the just, of the eminently good and useful, is a blessing to the church and the world, as well as to kindred and friends. Their toils and sacrifices for the benefit of others ; the example which they leave behind them ; the instructions which they gave, and the wisdom which dropped from their lips, cannot but be remembered by many, and the remembrance not unfrequently proves a greater blessing to survivors, than all they did and said in their life time.

But there is another shade of meaning in the text, which is the more obvious if not the primary meaning. The memory of the just is blessed, is *extolled*, *praised*, spoken of with high commendation. Surviving friends can hardly help dwelling upon the virtues of the righteous when they are gone, in such terms, as to show how much they loved and admired them. It is a dictate of nature ; it is abundantly authorized by scripture ; and the only danger is, that it may be carried too far ; that the dead may be extolled for virtues which they did not possess, or that the partiality of bereaved affection may magnify real excellencies beyond their desert.

I will only add, that surviving friends and others of kindred spirit with the righteous, are not alone in blessing, or extolling their memory. Even the wicked, those who hate the righteous while they live, cannot help feeling, "how awful goodness is." They are constrained, in spite of themselves, to admire it when it shines out in benevolent action, and a blameless Christian example. There are many such Balaams, who cannot help blessing the Lord's people, even when instigated from within or without, to curse them. There may be exceptions, no doubt ;

but by the great body of any community, the memory of the just is blessed.

You have all along, my friends, seen the bearing of the text and of my exposition and remarks, hastily thrown together, upon the character of the beloved disciple, whose remains lie before us. Ministers, if I mistake not, sometimes find it a very difficult and delicate office, to preach funeral sermons, especially for prominent members of their churches. They know what is desired and expected by surviving friends, and they naturally wish to bless the memory of the departed, to the full extent that the truth and their consciences will allow; and under these restrictions, they are often sorely tried. While in the exercise of a large charity, they hope the deceased professor has gone to heaven, it is but too well known, that the type of his piety was obscure; that his "path did not shine," as that of a Christian ought to shine; and that if he had good traits of character, they were sadly eclipsed, by palpable failings. In such cases, a conscientious pastor is at a loss, in the first place, what *text* to choose; not because there is any deficiency of appropriate ones in the Bible, but because, if he selects such an one as I have chosen to-day, or as this, "And Enoch walked with God," or this, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit; that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them," every body will see, that it expresses too much and the preacher will be almost constrained to say things, which he dare not say upon such doubtful evidence; and so he must look for some passage, which will not by its high spiritual tone embarrass him. And then, in speaking of the character of the deceased, the most he can do, is to select one or two of the best traits he can find, making the most of them that they will bear, and letting the rest pass. I can remember to have been thus perplexed and straitened myself, when I was a pastor. But I feel no such embarrassment to day. I never felt more free from it in my life. I wanted a decided text to illustrate and hold up before you the character of our departed friend; and I have no fears, that any one who knew her will say, that I have thought more highly of her, than I ought to think.

Had she been conscious of her danger, before the cloud came over her mind, which shut out the light of reason, she would probably have left an injunction, to whoever might preach the funeral sermon, not to say much of her. I am glad, not that her noble intellect was dethroned and shattered, but that she left no such injunction. It would have disappointed your reasonable expectations, no less than it would have cramped the preacher. Such a character as she possessed belongs to the church; belongs to the public;—I had almost said, should be “known wherever the gospel is preached.” If the biography of Mary Lyon shall ever be written by one competent to the task, I hazard nothing in predicting, that in a benevolent and religious point of view, it will be regarded as one of the most interesting female memoirs, that has ever been given to the American public.

The brevity required in a funeral discourse, would have restricted me to a very imperfect outline, had leisure been allowed for inquiry, reflection and arrangement. How much less could I hope to do any justice to the sketch, in the extreme haste to which her death, within a day after I first heard of her illness, has driven me.

I wish to be understood, in what I have to say, not as extolling Miss Lyon, as if the praise of what she was and what she did belonged to her; but as “magnifying the grace of God that was in her,” and which enabled her to do so much for the cause of female education. Without those uncommon endowments which came from God, and without grace to use them aright, she could have done nothing.

A hasty biographical outline, is all I can find room for, in the present discourse.

Miss Mary Lyon, was born in Buckland, Mass. Feb. —, 1797. Besides the common school advantages which she enjoyed in her native town, she was subsequently favored with those of a higher character, first in Ashfield and afterwards in Byfield, under the instruction of the Rev. Joseph Emerson, who was for many years a distinguished and successful teacher of young ladies; and where her trembling hope of pardon,

through the blood of Christ, ripened into "joy and peace in believing." Having completed her own education, she soon became a teacher herself; and was for several summers associated with Miss Z. P. Grant, (now Mrs. Bannister,) who kept a flourishing female school in Derry, N. H. Her winters were spent in teaching in her native town and the vicinity.

When Miss Grant removed from Derry to Ipswich, Mass. Miss Lyon went with her, where by their joint and indefatigable labors, they soon built up one of the most flourishing and popular Female Seminaries in New England. Finding that the system of instruction, which had taken a definite form under their united counsels and experience, and which they aimed to make eminently religious, as well as thorough, met with the warm approbation of the Christian public, and cherishing an ardent desire, that it might be perpetuated on a more stable foundation than it could be, in any private establishment, however well managed, Miss Lyon resolved, after much reflection, consultation and prayer, to leave the school at Ipswich, and in the strength of the Lord, to see what could be done, to found such a Seminary, with a domestic department, as she thought the interests of learning and religion required.

To the accomplishment of this novel and noble enterprise, she, for three years, devoted all her extraordinary physical power of endurance, all the energies of her mind and all the benevolence of her heart. When she first disclosed her plan, I doubt whether there was a single individual, besides herself, who really believed the necessary funds could possibly be raised, though many thought it a most worthy object, if it could be accomplished.

For a long time, Miss Lyon met with discouragements, which would have driven almost any other person to abandon the enterprise in despair. But God was with her. He encouraged her heart; he strengthened her to perseverance, and her "labor was not in vain in the Lord." He granted her more, than he did the King, "after his own heart." Not only did he assure her by his providential smiles upon the undertaking, that she did well, in cherishing the design of building a house to his praise and glory, but he permitted her to see it built, after her

own pattern ; to witness as it were the entrance of the Shekinah, and to abide, for more than eleven years, under its shining.

How freely she gave all her time and strength, her very heart and soul to the enterprize, in originating and planning, in "journeyings often," in private conversation, in numberless letters, written with her own hand, in printed circulars and appeals to the pious and benevolent, before the first beam or stone was hewn and brought down from Lebanon, is known to many who hear me, and will, I doubt not, be "had in everlasting remembrance." As the edifice went up, under the hands of the builders, she watched the progress of the work, with an interest which can scarcely be imagined by those who did not know her. She rejoiced in the laying of every stone and every brick. In the internal arrangements, which every body admires, her planning pervaded every thing, and her oversight was, as it were, a constant presence in the development and execution of the plan. When the noble edifice, which stands here, a monument of her extraordinary Christian enterprise, influence, perseverance and benevolence was finished and opened, she rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Her great heart was as full of happiness as it could hold. God had heard her prayers, had carried her through all her toils, had permitted her to see the "top-stone brought forth with shoutings," and if she was not ready to say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," it was because she wished to live longer, for the sake of doing good. I doubt whether there was a happier human being within a thousand miles. She had secured the establishment of an institution, "beautiful for situation," easy of access, and with ample accommodations for *two hundred* pupils, where young ladies could be thoroughly educated at the least expense, and which she trusted would bestow the richest blessings upon many generations.

I do not forget what aid and encouragement Miss Lyon received, from many liberal hands and willing hearts. Their assistance was essential to the success of the enterprise. She could have done nothing without them. The zeal and self-sacrifices of some of them were scarcely less than her own ; and they will have their reward. Yea, they have had it already,

and much more, in witnessing the prosperity of the school; and in seeing "what God hath wrought," by its agency, for the promotion of learning and religion. I know that her most liberal helpers in the work, will agree with me, that MARY LYON was the originator, the planner, and, in the sense of an all pervading personal efficiency, the *founder* of the Seminary. And the more I think of the discouragements and difficulties which she had to encounter and overcome, in the earlier stages of the enterprise, the more I admire her faith and the more I wonder at her perseverance and success. Where is the woman besides, who could have carried it through? Such a noble edifice; such accommodations; such conveniences, at an expense of more than *sixty thousand dollars* and all paid for, bringing the charges down so very low, that almost the poorest can enjoy the high advantages, which the Seminary affords. Yes, the honor of devising and getting up this great public charity, for such it truly is, belongs to our departed friend. There was no need, (as with the celebrated Grecian architect,) of so ingeniously working her name into the solid structure, that it could not be obliterated, without demolishing the edifice. Nothing short of carrying away all the materials of which it was built could do it; for her name is, as it were, chiselled upon every brick and every stone.

It were but faint praise, (were that the right word,) to say, that if the establishment of this school and the intellectual and moral training of so many female minds, since it was opened, had been the only work of Miss Lyon's life, it would have placed her in the foremost rank of benefactors and teachers. More than *sixteen hundred* pupils have enjoyed her counsels and instructions here. The year now in progress, is the *twelfth*, since the school was opened, and it has been blessed with no less than *eleven* revivals of religion, some of them so general and powerful, that nearly all who were without hope in the several classes gave evidence of passing from death to life. At the close of one of these revivals, not *one* individual was left without hope, and in another, only *three*. *Eleven* revivals in *twelve* years! Can a parallel to this be found, in the history of

any seminary of this country, or of any other? Who can help exclaiming, in view of these glorious "times of refreshing," "What hath God wrought?" I doubt not, that within the brief period just mentioned, hundreds have been born here. More than *thirty* of the graduates have gone out as missionaries to foreign lands. Many have also gone as teachers to the west, and a still greater number are successfully teaching in the common and select schools of New England.

A brief sketch, at least, of Miss Lyon's rare gifts and Christian character and endowments, will doubtless be expected on this fitting occasion. And at first, I could not help regretting that time was not allowed me, to attempt something more than a hasty outline of such a sketch. But why should I regret it, or what need of such a sketch, since her path was as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Her Christian course was luminous without and luminous within. It was obvious to her most intimate friends, long before her last sickness, that she was ripening fast for heaven. We do not suppose she was perfect, in the sense of entire sanctification. She was far from thinking so herself. Up to the very last the most she could say was, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after. I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." We doubt not she has now reached the mark, and is perfect, "even as her Father in heaven is perfect."

In glancing at Miss Lyon's character, taken all in all, I hardly dare to express the high estimation which my long acquaintance constrains me to cherish, lest I should seem to exaggerate. I certainly should not express it, but in the presence of those, who have enjoyed equal or better opportunities for marking her radiant and upward course. I do not say, that in her intellectual endowments she was superior to many other females; nor that she attained to the first rank in external graces and accomplishments; but this I do say, that so far as I can remember, I

have never known so much physical, intellectual and moral power all combined, in any one female, as in our departed friend. Such labors as she performed would have broken down almost any other constitution years and years ago. Such constitutional energy as she possessed, always in action, often intense, would have shattered any ordinary framework, long ere the meridian of life. Such tasks as she imposed upon her brain, especially during the three years which she spent in planning the Seminary, and enlisting the necessary agencies for getting it up, would have disorganized almost any other. How, under such extreme tension, the "thousand strings" held together, and "kept in tune so long," was a wonder to all her acquaintances.

Miss Lyon's mind was of a high order—clear, strong, active, well-balanced, inventive, which no discouragement could depress, no obstacle daunt. It is very rare, indeed, to find such mental strength and such quenchless ardor controlled by the soundest discretion and the best "round-about common sense." One of the strong proofs of Miss Lyon's intellectual superiority, which must have struck all who knew her, was the power which she had to influence other minds. As a teacher and governess of a great school, few have equalled her in this respect. It might be difficult to show, exactly, wherein her great skill and success lay; but no scholar, I believe, was ever long under her care, without feeling herself in a sort of enchanted circle, held there by invisible attractions, which it was hard to resist, and from which very few wished to be released. Nor was it the young alone, whom she had the power to influence. The maturest minds felt it, when she needed their aid; and but for this, she could never have enlisted so many heads and hearts and hands, as were necessary, to build and establish this noble Seminary.

But it was the moral and religious in Miss Lyon's character, which eclipsed all her other endowments, and in which her great strength lay. And the most prominent feature was *benevolence*. To do the greatest possible good, to the greatest number, was her study and delight. I feel that on this point, there is hardly any danger of using too strong language. To say that she was pre-eminently benevolent, is not strong enough. In humble

imitation of her Saviour, she seemed, wherever she went, and in all her relations to be the very embodiment of love and good will to men; and never to have thought of herself,—of her own ease, advantage, or convenience. It was enough for her, that others were made wiser and better and happier, at whatever cost of toil or sacrifice, to herself. She seemed scarcely to know, that she had any personal interests to care for. If it were not a solecism in terms, I should say, that Miss Lyon *lived out of herself*; and I do say, and I appeal to all who marked her beneficent course from early life, that she lived incomparably more for others, for her pupils, for the church and for the world, than for herself. I do not believe, that an instance can be recollected by any human being, since she entered on her bright career of usefulness, in which she appeared to be actuated in the slightest degree by selfishness. Mistakes she undoubtedly made, for who does not; but all the thousands who knew her might be challenged to show, that she ever, by word or deed, appeared to prefer her own advantage to the good of others. During the three years of unsurpassed effort which the getting up of the Seminary cost her, and in which she expended more than *a thousand dollars* of her former earnings, she received no pecuniary reward for her time and toils. After the school was opened, and the income warranted the most liberal salary, she could not be persuaded by the Trustees to take half the compensation, to which every body would have said she was fairly entitled; and more than half of what she did consent to receive, went into the contribution boxes for charitable purposes. She did not allow her personal wants to cost her much, and as for superfluities, she would not have taken them as a gift.

Of course, she was one of the happiest persons, I ever knew. Her countenance was a mirror of benignity and cheerfulness. But why as a matter of *course*? Because, it is so much more blessed to give than to receive; because no one can always be doing good without the purest enjoyment. Did you ever know a very large-hearted benevolent individual, who was not habitually among the most cheerful and happy of your acquaintances?

I cannot remember a single exception, within the range of my observation. Those who are good, and live to do good, are always happy in the outgoings of their benevolence; and I was about to say, they cannot help it, if they would; any more than one can feast upon delicious fruits without enjoying the flavor.

There is every reason to believe, that Miss Lyon's piety was deep, as well as overflowing; or rather, it perennially overflowed, because it was deep and was fed from the pure fountain "that proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb." It was in her "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." How much she prayed, especially for the salvation of her pupils and for the spread of the Gospel through the world, is known only to Him who "seeth in secret;" but that she "had power with God and prevailed," who can doubt. She regarded and often addressed those whom Providence committed to her care and training as her children, and "travailed in birth for them, till Christ was formed in them the hope of glory." She thus became the spiritual mother of a great family of daughters, "polished as corner stones after the similitude of a palace."

It was generally expected, I believe, that whenever Miss Lyon should be taken away, rich and ample materials for a religious biography would be found among her private papers. But I am told, this is not the case. She kept no diary; and so far as can yet be ascertained, has left no record of her religious exercises, during the most active and useful years of her life. She seems to have been too busy in planning and praying and teaching, to find any time for keeping a journal. And had she attempted it, so intently were her thoughts and hands set upon doing good, that very likely, she would have forgotten to write, when her Christian graces were in the most lively exercise. In estimating the religious character of some excellent people, we have to resort to their diaries, to help out their lives. Not so with Miss Lyon. Her whole life was a diary, not written, indeed, "with pen and ink," but "known and read of all men." Her *record* was on high; and that she seems to have regarded as enough for her.

A year and a half or two years ago, her strong constitution seemed to be giving way, and she was obliged to intermit some of her labors; but during the last winter she enjoyed better health; and as she was but little past the meridian of her radiant course, we hoped to retain her many years longer. We felt as if she could not be spared, and when her life was threatened, prayer went up to God day and night for her recovery. But she had reached her appointed bounds and could not pass. Higher employments awaited her, and she has gone up to enter upon them. Deeply as we mourn her loss, we have nothing but this to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

It was no doubt expected, that when Miss Lyon came to die, she would leave behind her the strongest testimony of the faithfulness of her Saviour to his great and precious promises; and that it would be an unspeakable privilege to stand by her bed and hear her dying counsels and prayers, and witness her triumph over the last enemy. How did her friends mourn, that before she was fully aware of her danger, her strong and clear mind began to totter and go into an eclipse; and that the violence of her disease granted no such lucid intervals, as their hopes clung to, even to the last. But why should they mourn on that account? What more could she have said in her last hours, than she had repeated a thousand times in their hearing? What better evidence could she have given, that she was prepared to enter into the joy of her Lord than the shining light of her pious life had afforded, and which shone more and more, unto the perfect day. She was not one of those Christians, (we hope they are,) who wait for the dying hour, to say what ought to be said, and often repeated while they are in health, and which surviving friends eagerly lay hold of, as the most satisfactory evidence they can get, that it is well with them after they are gone. I do not wish to throw any distrust upon death-bed experiences and testimony. They are often exceedingly precious and instructive. But the *best* evidence is a holy and devoted life. It is remarkable how little is said in the Bible,

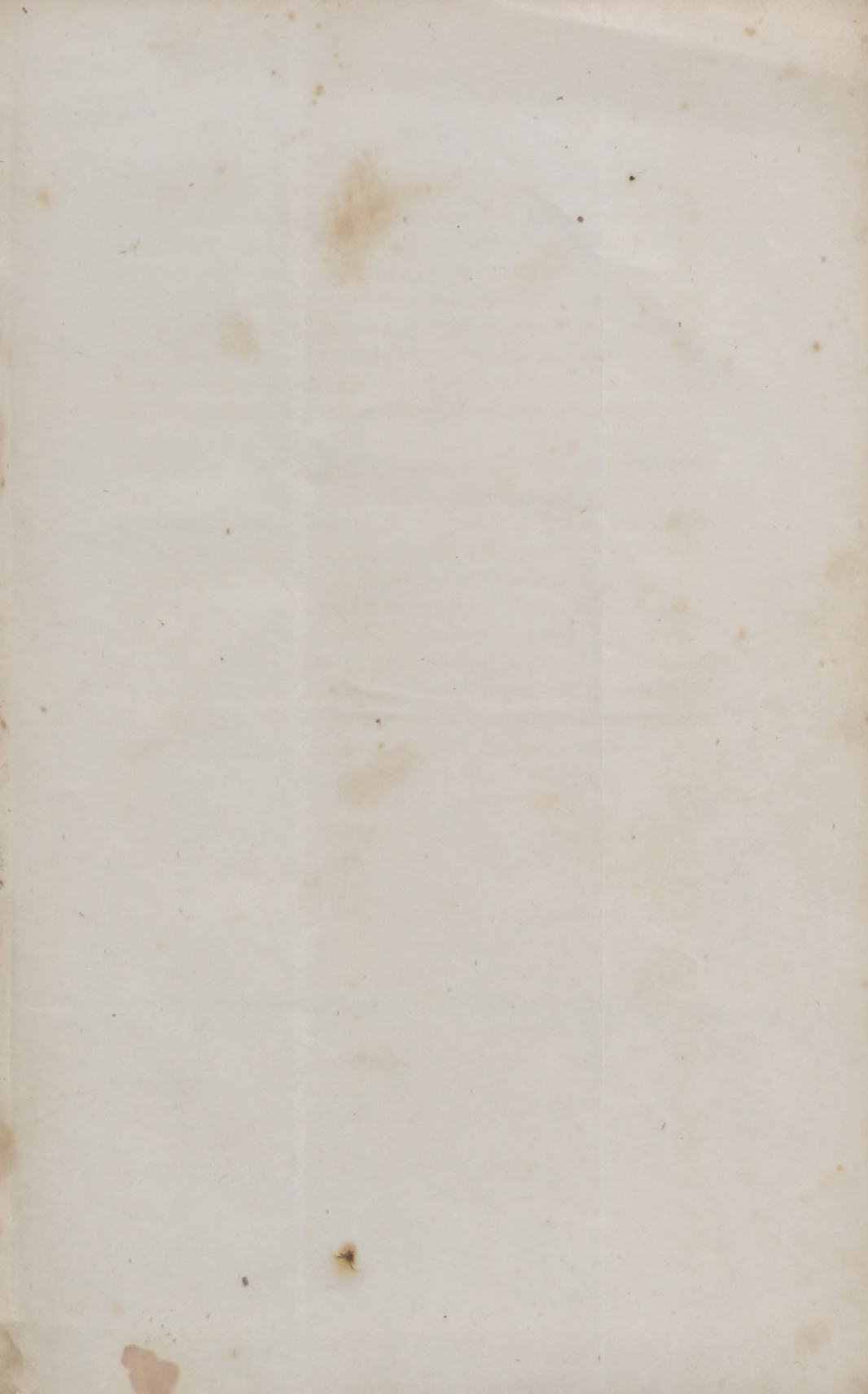
about the dying exercises or testimony of the most eminent saints. In the New Testament, with the exception of the martyr Stephen, almost nothing. How do Christians *live*, not how do they *die*, is the all important question? "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." Who that knew our departed friend would have felt any higher assurance of her present glorified state, if in the full possession of her reason, she had conversed like Brainard on her death bed, than we all do now? It is with no secret misgivings lest we should after all be mistaken, that in drawing to the close of these her funeral solemnities, we write, "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Heard ye not that voice, *she rests from her labors* and her *works* do follow her?

And now, what shall I say to the mourning teachers and pupils of this bereaved Seminary? God has "taken away your head." He has covered you, daughters, with a cloud, though we trust not in his anger. Near and dear relatives you have, who are entitled to the warmest place in your affections; but a sincerer friend than Miss Lyon, you could not have lost. What a counsellor she has been to you, what a guide, what a teacher, what an example. How fervently did she pray with and for you. And I am sure you will testify with one voice, that in all her instructions, "she opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." You may have seen her grieved, you may have seen her weep; but when saw you her benignant face ever flushed with anger? When, if sought for, was her best advice and encouragement ever withheld. You have often seen her exhausted by incessant efforts and cares I doubt not; but when did you ever see her "weary in well doing?" What single instance, of consulting her own ease or advantage, can you remember. How ready she was to take upon herself cares and responsibilities which properly belonged to others, you can testify; but when did she shift off one that it was her duty to retain? But why should I multiply these

interrogations? Your hearts must be full of these tender and grateful recollections. See to it, that you treasure up all her instructions, especially all her pious counsels. You will hear her kind voice no more. You that are teachers will be associated with her no longer. You that are scholars have received her last teachings. It remains, that you treasure them up among your sacred remembrances; that you strive to glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits as she did; and that like her, you look for your reward, "not of debt but of grace," in heaven.

Trustees, Benefactors, Patrons, Friends of this beloved and now bereaved Seminary. You are all mourners to-day. You have all come to bury a friend. It is a great public loss which we lament. But the Seminary, the offspring of her faith and perseverance is left, with all its rare advantages for cheap and thorough education. The teachers, trained under her eye and fully acquainted with her views and system, are left. Under your guardianship and continued patronage, guided and blessed by the smiles of heaven, we doubt not it will continue to flourish, and being handed over to your successors, will continue to shed its rich blessings upon many generations.





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Miss Mary E. Taylor-
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